

Oth. Ay.
Cas. Dear general, I never gave you cause.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon.
 Will you, I pray, demand that demi-devil 300
 Why he hath thus ensnar'd my soul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing: what you know,
 you know:
 From this time forth I never will speak word.
Lod. What! not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou dost best. 305
Lod. Sir, you shall understand what hath
 befall'n,
 Which, as I think, you know not. Here is a letter
 Found in the pocket of the slain Roderigo, 308
 And here another; the one of them imports
 The death of Cassio to be undertook
 By Roderigo.
Oth. O villain!
Cas. Most heathenish and most gross!
Lod. Now here's another discontented paper,
 Found in his pocket too; and this, it seems,
 Roderigo meant to have sent this damned vil-
 lain,
 But that, belike, Iago in the interim 316
 Came in and satisfied him.
Oth. O the pernicious caitiff!
 How came you, Cassio, by that handkerchief
 That was my wife's?
Cas. I found it in my chamber;
 And he himself confess'd but even now 320
 That there he dropp'd it for a special purpose
 Which wrought to his desire.
Oth. O fool! fool! fool!
Cas. There is besides in Roderigo's letter
 How he upbraids Iago that he made him 324
 Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
 That I was cast: and even but now he spake,
 After long seeming dead, Iago hurt him,
 Iago set him on. 328
Lod. You must forsake this room and go
 with us;
 Your power and your command is taken off,
 And Cassio rules in Cyprus. For this slave,
 If there be any cunning cruelty 332
 That can torment him much and hold him long,

It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest.
 Till that the nature of your fault be known
 To the Venetian state. Come, bring him away.
Oth. Soft you; a word or two before you
 go. 337
 I have done the state some service, and they
 know't;
 No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
 When you shall these unlucky deeds relate, 340
 Speak of me as I am; nothing extenuate,
 Nor set down aught in malice: then, must you
 speak
 Of one that lov'd not wisely but too well; 343
 Of one not easily jealous, but, being wrought,
 Perplex'd in the extreme; of one whose hand,
 Like the base Indian, threw a pearl away
 Richer than all his tribe; of one whose subdu'd
 eyes
 Albeit unused to the melting mood, 348
 Drop tears as fast as the Arabian trees
 Their med'cinable gum. Set you down this;
 And say besides, that in Aleppo once,
 Where a malignant and a turban'd Turk 352
 Beat a Venetian and traduc'd the state,
 I took by the throat the circumcised dog,
 And smote him thus. [Stabs himself.
Lod. O bloody period!
Gra. All that's spoke is marr'd.
Oth. I kiss'd thee ere I kill'd thee; no way
 but this, [Falling upon DESDEMONA.
 Killing myself to die upon a kiss. [Dies.
Cas. This did I fear, but thought he had no
 weapon;
 For he was great of heart.
Lod. [To IAGO.] O Spartan dog! 360
 More fell than anguish, hunger, or the sea.
 Look on the tragic loading of this bed;
 This is thy work; the object poisons sight;
 Let it be hid. Gratiano, keep the house, 364
 And seize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
 For they succeed on you. To you, lord governor,
 Remains the censure of this hellish villain,
 The time, the place, the torture; O! enforce it.
 Myself will straight aboard, and to the state 369
 This heavy act with heavy heart relate. [Exeunt.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

MARK ANTONY,
 OCTAVIUS CÆSAR,
 M. ÆMILIUS LEPIDUS, } Triumvirs.
 SEXTUS POMPEIUS.
 DOMITIUS ENOBARBUS,
 VENTIDIUS,
 EROS,
 SCARUS,
 DERCETAS,
 DEMETRIUS,
 PHILO,
 MECENAS,
 AGRIPPA,
 DOLABELLA,
 PROCULEIUS,
 THYREUS,
 GALLUS,
 MENAS,
 MENEGRATES,
 VARRIUS, } Friends to Antony.
 } Friends to Caesar.
 } Friends to Pompey.

TAURUS, Lieutenant-General to Cæsar.
 CANIDIUS, Lieutenant-General to Antony.
 SILIUS, an Officer under Ventidius.
 EUPHRONIUS, Ambassador from Antony to Cæsar.
 ALEXAS,
 MARDIAN,
 SELEUCUS,
 DIOMEDES,
 A Soothsayer.
 A Clown.

CLEOPATRA, Queen of Egypt.
 OCTAVIA, sister to Cæsar, and wife to Antony.
 CHARMIAN,
 IRAS, } Attendants on Cleopatra.

Officers, Soldiers, Messengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE.—In several parts of the Roman Empire.

ACT I

SCENE I.—Alexandria. A Room in
 CLEOPATRA'S Palace.

Enter DEMETRIUS and PHILO.

Phi. Nay, but this dotage of our general's
 O'erflows the measure; those his goodly eyes,
 That o'er the files and musters of the war
 Have glow'd like plated Mars, now bend, now
 turn 4
 The office and devotion of their view
 Upon a tawny front; his captain's heart,
 Which in the scuffles of great fights hath burst
 The buckles on his breast, reneges all temper, 8
 And is become the bellows and the fan
 To cool a gipsy's lust. Look! where they come.

Flourish. Enter ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
 their Trains; Eunuchs fanning her.

Take but good note, and you shall see in him
 The triple pillar of the world transform'd 12
 Into a strumpet's fool; behold and see.

Cleo. If it be love indeed, tell me how much.
Ant. There's a beggary in the love that can be
 reckon'd.

Cleo. I'll set a bourn how far to be belov'd. 16
Ant. Then must thou needs find out new
 heaven, new earth.

Enter an Attendant.

Att. News, my good lord, from Rome.

Ant. Grates me; the sum.

Cleo. Nay, hear them, Antony:
 Fulvia, perchance, is angry; or, who knows 20
 If the scarce-bearded Cæsar have not sent
 His powerful mandate to you, 'Do this, or this;

Take in that kingdom, and enfranchise that;
 Perform't, or else we damn thee.'

Ant. How, my love! 24
Cleo. Perchance! nay, and most like;
 You must not stay here longer; your dismission
 Is come from Cæsar; therefore hear it, Antony.
 Where's Fulvia's process? Cæsar's I would say? 28
 both?

Call in the messengers. As I am Egypt's queen,
 Thou blushest, Antony, and that blood of thine
 Is Cæsar's homager; else so thy cheek pays
 shame

When shrill-tongu'd Fulvia scolds. The mes-
 sengers! 32

Ant. Let Rome in Tiber melt, and the wide
 arch

Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space.
 Kingdoms are clay; our dungy earth alike
 Feeds beast as man; the nobleness of life 36
 Is to do thus; when such a mutual pair

[Embracing.
 And such a twain can do't, in which I bind.
 On pain of punishment, the world to weet
 We stand up peerless.

Cleo. Excellent falsehood! 40
 Why did he marry Fulvia and not love her?
 I'll seem the fool I am not; Antony
 Will be himself.

Ant. But stirr'd by Cleopatra.
 Now, for the love of Love and her soft hours, 44
 Let's not confound the time with conference
 harsh:

There's not a minute of our lives should stretch
 Without some pleasure now. What sport to-
 night?

Cleo. Hear the ambassadors.
Ant. Fie, wrangling queen! 48

Whom every thing becomes, to chide, to laugh,
To weep; whose every passion fully strives
To make itself, in thee, fair and admir'd.
No messenger, but thine; and all alone, 52
To-night we'll wander through the streets and
note

The qualities of people. Come, my queen;
Last night you did desire it: speak not to us.

[Exeunt ANTONY and CLEOPATRA, with
their Train.]

Dem. Is Cæsar with Antonius priz'd so slight?
Phi. Sir, sometimes, when he is not Antony,
He comes too short of that great property
Which still should go with Antony.

Dem. I am full sorry
That he approves the common liar, who 60
Thus speaks of him at Rome; but I will hope
Of better deeds to-morrow. Rest you happy!

[Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—The Same. Another Room.

Enter CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS, and
a Soothsayer.

Char. Lord Alexas, sweet Alexas, most any
thing Alexas, almost most absolute Alexas,
where's the soothsayer that you praised so to
the queen? O! that I knew this husband,
which, you say, must charge his horns with
garlands. 6

Alex. Soothsayer!

Sooth. Your will?

Char. Is this the man? Is't you, sir, that
know things?

Sooth. In nature's infinite book of secrecy
A little I can read.

Alex. Show him your hand. 12

Enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. Bring in the banquet quickly; wine
enough

Cleopatra's health to drink.

Char. Good sir, give me good fortune.

Sooth. I make not, but foresee. 16

Char. Pray then, foresee me one.

Sooth. You shall be yet far fairer than you
are.

Char. He means in flesh.

Iras. No, you shall paint when you are old.

Char. Wrinkles forbid! 21

Alex. Vex not his prescience; be attentive.

Char. Hush!

Sooth. You shall be more beloved than
belov'd. 24

Char. I had rather heat my liver with drinking.

Alex. Nay, hear him.

Char. Good now, some excellent fortune!

Let me be married to three kings in a forenoon,
and widow them all; let me have a child at fifty,
to whom Herod of Jewry may do homage; find
me to marry me with Octavius Cæsar, and com-
panion me with my mistress. 32

Sooth. You shall outlive the lady whom you
serve.

Char. O excellent! I love long life better than
figs.

Sooth. You have seen and prov'd a fairer
former fortune

Than that which is to approach. 36

Char. Then, belike, my children shall have
no names; prithe, how many boys and wenches
must I have?

Sooth. If every of your wishes had a womb,
And fertile every wish, a million. 41

Char. Out, fool! I forgive thee for a witch.

Alex. You think none but your sheets are
privy to your wishes. 44

Char. Nay, come, tell Iras hers.

Alex. We'll know all our fortunes.

Eno. Mine, and most of our fortunes, to-
night, shall be,—drunk to bed. 48

Iras. There's a palm presages chastity, if
nothing else.

Char. E'en as the overflowing Nilus presageth
famine. 52

Iras. Go, you wild bedfellow, you cannot
soothsay.

Char. Nay, if an oily palm be not a fruitful
prognostication, I cannot scratch mine ear.

Prithee, tell her but a worky-day fortune. 57

Sooth. Your fortunes are alike.

Iras. But how? but how? give me particulars.

Sooth. I have said. 60

Iras. Am I not an inch of fortune better
than she?

Char. Well, if you were but an inch of for-
tune better than I, where would you choose it?

Iras. Not in my husband's nose. 65

Char. Our worse thoughts heaven mend!
Alexas,—come, his fortune, his fortune. O!

let him marry a woman that cannot go, sweet
Isis, I beseech thee; and let her die too, and give
him a worse; and let worse follow worse, till the
worst of all follow him laughing to his grave,
fifty-fold a cuckold! Good Isis, hear me this
prayer, though thou deny me a matter of more
weight; good Isis, I beseech thee! 74

Iras. Amen. Dear goddess, hear that prayer
of the people! for, as it is a heart-breaking to see
a handsome man loose-wived, so it is deadly
sorrow to behold a foul knave uncuckolded:
therefore, dear Isis, keep decorum, and fortune
him accordingly! 80

Char. Amen.

Alex. Lo, now! if it lay in their hands to
make me a cuckold, they would make themselves
whores, but they'd do't! 84

Eno. Hush! here comes Antony.

Char. Not he; the queen.

Enter CLEOPATRA.

Cleo. Saw you my lord?

Eno. No, lady.

Cleo. Was he not here? 88

Char. No, madam.

Cleo. He was dispos'd to mirth; but on the
sudden

A Roman thought hath struck him. Enobarbus!

Eno. Madam!

Cleo. Seek him, and bring him hither.
Where's Alexas?

SCENE II]

Alex. Here, at your service. My lord ap-
proaches.

Enter ANTONY, with a Messenger and
Attendants.

Cleo. We will not look upon him; go with us.

[Exeunt CLEOPATRA, ENOBARBUS, ALEXAS,
IRAS, CHARMIAN, Soothsayer, and Atten-
dants.]

Mess. Fulvia thy wife first came into the field.

Ant. Against my brother Lucius? 97

Mess. Ay:

But soon that war had end, and the time's state
Made friends of them, joining their force
'gainst Cæsar, 100

Whose better issue in the war, from Italy
Upon the first encounter drove them.

Ant. Well, what worst?

Mess. The nature of bad news infects the
teller.

Ant. When it concerns the fool, or coward.

On; 104

Things that are past are done with me. 'Tis
thus:

Who tells me true, though in his tale lay death,
I hear him as he flatter'd.

Mess. Labienus—

This is stiff news—hath, with his Parthian force
Extended Asia; from Euphrates 109

His conquering banner shook from Syria
To Lydia and to Ionia: whilst—

Ant. Antony, thou wouldst say,— 112

Mess. O! my lord.

Ant. Speak to me home, mince not the general
tongue;

Name Cleopatra as she is call'd in Rome;
Rail thou in Fulvia's phrase; and taunt my
faults 116

With such full licence as both truth and malice
Have power to utter. O! then we bring forth
weeds

When our quick winds lie still; and our ills told
us

Is as our earring. Fare thee well awhile. 120

Mess. At your noble pleasure. [Exit.]

Ant. From Sicyon, ho, the news! Speak
there!

First Att. The man from Sicyon, is there
such an one?

Sec. Att. He stays upon your will.

Ant. Let him appear. 124

These strong Egyptian fetters I must break,
Or lose myself in dotage.

Enter another Messenger.

What are you?

Sec. Mess. Fulvia thy wife is dead.

Ant. Where died she? 128

Sec. Mess. In Sicyon:

Her length of sickness, with what else more
serious

Importeth thee to know, this bears.

[Giving a letter.]

Forbear me.

Ant. [Exit Second Messenger.]

There's a great spirit gone! Thus did I desire it:

What our contempts do often hurl from us 132
We wish it ours again; the present pleasure,
By revolution lowering, does become
The opposite of itself: she's good, being gone;
The hand could pluck her back that shov'd her
on. 136

I must from this enchanting queen break off;
Ten thousand harms, more than the ills I know,
My idleness doth hatch. How now! Enobarbus!

Re-enter ENOBARBUS.

Eno. What's your pleasure, sir? 140

Ant. I must with haste from hence.

Eno. Why, then, we kill all our women. We
see how mortal an unkindness is to them; if
they suffer our departure, death's the word. 144

Ant. I must be gone.

Eno. Under a compelling occasion let women
die; it were pity to cast them away for nothing;
though between them and a great cause they
should be esteemed nothing. Cleopatra, catch-
ing but the least noise of this, dies instantly; I
have seen her die twenty times upon far poorer
moment. I do think there is mettle in death
which commits some loving act upon her, she
hath such a celerity in dying. 154

Ant. She is cunning past man's thought.

Eno. Alack! sir, no; her passions are made
of nothing but the finest part of pure love. We
cannot call her winds and waters sighs and
tears; they are greater storms and tempests
than almanacs can report: this cannot be
cunning in her; if it be, she makes a shower of
rain as well as Jove. 162

Ant. Would I had never seen her!

Eno. O, sir! you had then left unseen a wonder-
ful piece of work which not to have been blessed
withal would have discredited your travel.

Ant. Fulvia is dead. 168

Eno. Sir?

Ant. Fulvia is dead.

Eno. Fulvia!

Ant. Dead.

Eno. Why, sir, give the gods a thankful sacri-
fice. When it pleaseth their deities to take the
wife of a man from him, it shows to man the
tailors of the earth; comforting therein, that
when old robes are worn out, there are members
to make new. If there were no more women
but Fulvia, then had you indeed a cut, and the
case to be lamented: this grief is crowned with
consolation; your old smock brings forth a new
petticoat; and indeed the tears live in an onion
that should water this sorrow.

Ant. The business she hath broached in the
state

Cannot endure my absence. 184

Eno. And the business you have broached
here cannot be without you; especially that of
Cleopatra's, which wholly depends on your
abode. 188

Ant. No more light answers. Let our officers
Have notice what we purpose. I shall break
The cause of our expedience to the queen,
And get her leave to part. For not alone 192

The death of Fulvia, with more urgent touches,

Do strongly speak to us, but the letters too
Of many our contriving friends in Rome
Petition us at home. Sextus Pompeius 196
Hath given the dare to Cæsar, and commands
The empire of the sea; our slippery people—
Whose love is never link'd to the deserver
Till his deserts are past—begin to throw 200
Pompey the Great and all his dignities
Upon his son; who, high in name and power,
Higher than both in blood and life, stands up
For the main soldier, whose quality, going on,
The sides o' the world may danger. Much is
breeding, 205
Which, like the courser's hair, hath yet but life,
And not a serpent's poison. Say, our pleasure,
To such whose place is under us, requires 208
Our quick remove from hence.

Eno. I shall do it.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE III.—*The Same. Another Room.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
ALEXAS.

Cleo. Where is he?

Char. I did not see him since.
Cleo. See where he is, who's with him, what
he does;

I did not send you: if you find him sad,
Say I am dancing; if in mirth, report 4
That I am sudden sick: quick, and return.

[Exit ALEXAS.]

Char. Madam, methinks, if you did love him
dearly,
You do not hold the method to enforce
The like from him.

Cleo. What should I do I do not? 8
Char. In each thing give him way, cross him
in nothing.

Cleo. Thou teachest like a fool; the way to
lose him.

Char. Tempt him not so too far; I wish, for-
bear:

In time we hate that which we often fear. 12
But here comes Antony.

Enter ANTONY.

Cleo. I am sick and sullen.
Ant. I am sorry to give breathing to my pur-
pose,—

Cleo. Help me away, dear Charmian, I shall
fall:

It cannot be thus long, the sides of nature 16
Will not sustain it.

Ant. Now, my dearest queen,—
Cleo. Pray you, stand further from me.

Ant. What's the matter?
Cleo. I know, by that same eye, there's some
good news.

What says the married woman? You may go:
Would she had never given you leave to come!
Let her not say 'tis I that keep you here;
I have no power upon you; hers you are.

Ant. The gods best know,—

Cleo. O! never was there queen 24
So mightily betray'd; yet at the first
I saw the treasons planted.

Ant.

Cleopatra,—

Cleo. Why should I think you can be mine
and true,

Though you in swearing shake the throned
gods, 28

Who have been false to Fulvia? Riotous mad-
ness,

To be entangled with those mouth-made vows,
Which break themselves in swearing!

Ant.

Most sweet queen,—

Cleo. Nay, pray you, seek no colour for your
going, 32

But bid farewell, and go: when you su'd stay-
ing

Then was the time for words; no going then:
Eternity was in our lips and eyes,

Bliss in our brows bent; none our parts 36
poor

But was a race of heaven; they are so still,
Or thou, the greatest soldier of the world,
Art turn'd the greatest liar.

Ant.

How now, lady!

Cleo. I would I had thy inches; thou shouldst
know 40

There were a heart in Egypt.

Ant.

Hear me, queen:

The strong necessity of time commands
Our services awhile, but my full heart

Remains in use with you. Our Italy 44
Shines o'er with civil swords; Sextus Pompeius
Makes his approaches to the port of Rome;

Equality of two domestic powers
Breeds scrupulous faction. The hated, grown
to strength, 48

Are newly grown to love; the condemn'd
Pompey,

Rich in his father's honour, creeps apace
Into the hearts of such as have not thriv'd 52

Upon the present state, whose numbers threaten;
And quietness, grown sick of rest, would purge
By any desperate change. My more particular,

And that which most with you should safe my
going,

Is Fulvia's death. 56

Cleo. Though age from folly could not give
me freedom,

It does from childishness: can Fulvia die?

Ant. She's dead, my queen:
Look here, and at thy sovereign leisure read 60

The garboils she awak'd; at the last, best,
See when and where she died.

Cleo.

O most false love!

Where be the sacred vials thou shouldst fill
With sorrowful water? Now I see, I see, 64

In Fulvia's death, how mine receiv'd shall be.

Ant. Quarrel no more, but be prepar'd to
know

The purposes I bear, which are or cease
As you shall give the advice. By the fire 68

That quickens Nilus' slime, I go from hence
Thy soldier, servant, making peace or war
As thou affect'st.

Cleo. Cut my lace, Charmian, come;
But let it be: I am quickly ill, and well; 72

So Antony loves.
Ant. My precious queen, forbear,

And give true evidence to his love which stands
An honourable trial.

Cleo. So Fulvia told me,

I prithee, turn aside and weep for her; 76
Then bid adieu to me, and say the tears
Belong to Egypt: good now, play one scene
Of excellent dissembling, and let it look

Like perfect honour.

Ant. You'll heat my blood; no more.

Cleo. You can do better yet, but this is
meetly. 81

Ant. Now, by my sword,—
Cleo. And target, Still he mends;

But this is not the best. Look, prithee, Char-
mian,

How this Herculean Roman does become 84
The carriage of his chafe.

Ant. I'll leave you, lady.

Cleo. Courteous lord, one word.
Sir, you and I must part, but that's not it:

Sir, you and I have lov'd, but there's not it; 88
That you know well: something it is I would,—
O! my oblivion is a very Antony,

And I am all forgotten.

Ant.

But that your royalty

Holds idleness your subject, I should take you
For idleness itself.

Cleo.

'Tis sweating labour 93

To bear such idleness so near the heart
As Cleopatra this. But, sir, forgive me;

Since my becomings kill me when they do not 96
Eye well to you: your honour calls you hence;
Therefore be deaf to my unpitied folly,

And all the gods go with you! Upon your sword
Sit laurel victory! and smooth success 100

Be strew'd before your feet!

Ant.

Let us go. Come;

Our separation so abides and flies,
That thou, residing here, go'st yet with me,
And I, hence fleeting, here remain with thee. 104

Away! [Exeunt.]

SCENE IV.—*Rome. A Room in CÆSAR'S
House.*

Enter OCTAVIUS CÆSAR, LEPIDUS, and
Attendants.

Cæs. You may see, Lepidus, and henceforth
know,

It is not Cæsar's natural vice to hate
Our great competitor. From Alexandria

This is the news: he fishes, drinks, and wastes 4
The lamps of night in revel; is not more man-
like

Than Cleopatra, nor the queen of Ptolemy
More womanly than he; hardly gave audience,

or
Vouchsaf'd to think he had partners: you shall
find there 8

A man who is the abstract of all faults
That all men follow.

Lep. I must not think there are
Evils enow to darken all his goodness;

His faults in him seem as the spots of heaven, 12
More fiery by night's blackness; hereditary
Rather than purchas'd; what he cannot change

Than what he chooses.

Cæs. You are too indulgent. Let us grant
it is not 16

Amiss to tumble on the bed of Ptolemy,
To give a kingdom for a mirth, to sit

And keep the turn of tippling with a slave,
To reel the streets at noon, and stand the

buffet 20
With knaves that smell of sweat; say this be-
comes him,—

As his composure must be rare indeed
Whom these things cannot blemish,—yet must

Antony
No way excuse his soils, when we do bear 24

So great weight in his lightness. If he fill'd
His vacancy with his voluptuousness,

Full surfeits and the dryness of his bones
Call on him for't; but to confound such

time 28
That drums him from his sport, and speaks as
loud

As his own state and ours, 'tis to be chid
As we rate boys, who, being mature in know-
ledge,

Pawn their experience to their present pleasure,
And so rebel to judgment.

Enter a Messenger.

Lep. Here's more news. 33
Mess. Thy biddings have been done, and
every hour,

Most noble Cæsar, shalt thou have report
How 'tis abroad. Pompey is strong at sea, 36

And it appears he is belov'd of those
That only have fear'd Cæsar; to the ports
The discontents repair, and men's reports

Give him much wrong'd.

Cæs. I should have known no less.
It hath been taught us from the primal state, 41

That he which is was wish'd until he were;
And the ebb'd man, ne'er lov'd till ne'er worth

love,
Comes dear'd by being lack'd. This common

body, 44
Like to a vagabond flag upon the stream,
Goes to and back, lackeying the varying tide,

To rot itself with motion.

Mess. Cæsar, I bring thee word,
Menecrates and Menas, famous pirates, 48

Make the sea serve them, which they ear and
wound

With keels of every kind: many hot inroads
They make in Italy; the borders maritime

Lack blood to think on't, and flush youth re-
volt; 52

No vessel can peep forth, but 'tis as soon
Taken as seen; for Pompey's name strikes more
Than could his war resisted.

Cæs. Antony,

Leave thy lascivious wassails. When thou once
Wast beaten from Modena, where thou slew'st

Hirtius and Pansa, consuls, at thy heel
Did famine follow, whom thou fought'st against,

Though daintily brought up, with patience
more 60

Than savages could suffer; thou didst drink

The stale of horses and the gilded puddle
Which beasts would cough at; thy palate then
did deign

The roughest berry on the rudest hedge; 64
Yea, like the stag, when snow the pasture sheets,
The barks of trees thou browsed'st; on the Alps
It is reported thou didst eat strange flesh,
Which some did die to look on; and all this— 68
It wounds thy honour that I speak it now—
Was borne so like a soldier, that thy cheek
So much as lank'd not.

Lep. 'Tis pity of him.

Cas. Let his shames quickly 72
Drive him to Rome. 'Tis time we twain
Did show ourselves i' the field; and to that end
Assemble me immediate council; Pompey
Thrives in our idleness.

Lep. To-morrow, Cæsar, 76
I shall be furnish'd to inform you rightly
Both what by sea and land I can be able
To front this present time.

Cas. Till which encounter,
It is my business too. Farewell. 80

Lep. Farewell, my lord. What you shall
know meantime

Of stirs abroad, I shall beseech you, sir,
To let me be partaker.

Cas. Doubt not, sir; 84
I knew it for my bond. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the
Palace.*

Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, and
MARDIAN.

Cleo. Charmian!

Char. Madam!

Cleo. Ha, ha!

Give me to drink mandragora.

Char. Why, madam? 4

Cleo. That I might sleep out this great gap
of time

My Antony is away.

Char. You think of him too much.

Cleo. O! 'tis treason.

Char. Madam, I trust, not so.

Cleo. Thou, eunuch Mardian!

Mar. What's your highness' pleasure? 8

Cleo. Not now to hear thee sing; I take no
pleasure

In aught a eunuch has. 'Tis well for thee,
That, being unseminar'd, thy freer thoughts
May not fly forth of Egypt. Hast thou affec-
tions? 12

Mar. Yes, gracious madam.

Cleo. Indeed!

Mar. Not in deed, madam; for I can do
nothing

But what in deed is honest to be done; 16
Yet have I fierce affections, and think
What Venus did with Mars.

Cleo. O Charmian!

Where think'st thou he is now? Stands he, or
sits he?

Or does he walk? or is he on his horse? 20
O happy horse, to bear the weight of Antony!

Do bravely, horse, for wot'st thou whom thou
mov'st?

The demi-Atlas of this earth, the arm
And burget of men. He's speaking now, 24
Or murmuring 'Where's my serpent of old
Nile?'

For so he calls me. Now I feed myself
With most delicious poison. Think on me,
That am with Phœbus' amorous pinches black,
And wrinkled deep in time? Broad-fronted
Cæsar, 29

When thou wast here above the ground I was
A morsel for a monarch, and great Pompey
Would stand and make his eyes grow in my
brow; 32

There would he anchor his aspect and die
With looking on his life.

Enter ALEXAS.

Alex. Sovereign of Egypt, hail!

Cleo. How much unlike art thou Mark
Antony!

Yet, coming from him, that great medicine
hath 36

With his tinct gilded thee.

How goes it with my brave Mark Antony?

Alex. Last thing he did, dear queen,
He kiss'd, the last of many doubled kisses, 40
This orient pearl. His speech sticks in my heart.

Cleo. Mine ear must pluck it thence.

Alex. 'Good friend,' quoth he,
'Say, the firm Roman to great Egypt sends
This treasure of an oyster; at whose foot, 44
To mend the petty present, I will piece
Her opulent throne with kingdoms; all the east,
Say thou, shall call her mistress.' So he nodded,
And soberly did mount an arm-gaunt steed, 48
Who neigh'd so high that what I would have
spoke

Was beastly dumb'd by him.

Cleo. What! was he sad or merry?

Alex. Like to the time o' the year between
the extremes

Of hot and cold; he was nor sad nor merry. 52
Cleo. O well-divided disposition! Note him,
Note him, good Charmian, 'tis the man; but
note him:

He was not sad, for he would shine on those
That make their looks by his; he was not
merry, 56

Which seem'd to tell them his remembrance lay
In Egypt with his joy; but between both:
O heavenly mingle! Be'st thou sad or merry, 60
The violence of either thee becomes,

So does it no man else. Mett'st thou my posts?

Alex. Ay, madam, twenty several messengers.
Why do you send so thick?

Cleo. Who's born that day
When I forget to send to Antony, 64
Shall die a beggar. Ink and paper, Charmian.
Welcome, my good Alexas. Did I, Charmian,
Ever love Cæsar so?

Char. O! that brave Cæsar.

Cleo. Be chok'd with such another emphasis!
Say the brave Antony.

Char. The valiant Cæsar! 69

Cleo. By Isis, I will give thee bloody teeth,
If thou with Cæsar paragon again
My man of men.

Char. By your most gracious pardon, 72
I sing but after you.

Cleo. My salad days,
When I was green in judgment, cold in blood,
To say as I said then! But come, away; 76
Get me ink and paper:

He shall have every day a several greeting,
Or I'll unpeople Egypt. [Exeunt.]

ACT II

SCENE I.—*Messina. A Room in POMPEY'S
House.*

Enter POMPEY, MENEKRATES, and MENAS.

Pom. If the great gods be just, they shall
assist

The deeds of justest men.

Mene. Know, worthy Pompey,
That what they do delay, they not deny.

Pom. Whiles we are suitors to their throne,
decays 4

The thing we sue for.

Mene. We, ignorant of ourselves,
Beg often our own harms, which the wise powers
Deny us for our good; so find we profit
By losing of our prayers.

Pom. I shall do well: 8
The people love me, and the sea is mine;
My powers are crescent, and my auguring hope
Says it will come to the full. Mark Antony 12
In Egypt sits at dinner, and will make

No wars without doors; Cæsar gets money
where

He loses hearts; Lepidus flatters both,
Of both is flatter'd; but he neither loves,
Nor either cares for him.

Mene. Cæsar and Lepidus 16
Are in the field; a mighty strength they carry.

Pom. Where have you this? 'tis false.

Mene. From Silvius, sir.

Pom. He dreams; I know they are in Rome
together,

Looking for Antony. But all the charms of love,
Salt Cleopatra, soften thy wan'd lip! 21
Let witchcraft join with beauty, lust with both!

Tie up the libertine in a field of feasts,
Keep his brain fuming; Epicurean cooks 24
Sharpen with cloyless sauce his appetite,
That sleep and feeding may prorogue his honour
Even till a Lethe'd dullness!

Enter VARRIUS.

How now, Varrius!
This is most certain that I shall de-
liver: 28

Mark Antony is every hour in Rome
Expected; since he went from Egypt 'tis
A space for further travel.

Pom. I could have given less matter
A better ear. Menas, I did not think 32
This amorous surfeiter would have donn'd his
helm

For such a petty war; his soldiership

Is twice the other twain. But let us rear
The higher our opinion, that our stirring 36
Can from the lap of Egypt's widow pluck
The ne'er-lust-wearied Antony.

Mene. I cannot hope
Cæsar and Antony shall well greet together;
His wife that's dead did trespasses to Cæsar, 40
His brother warr'd upon him, although I think
Not mov'd by Antony.

Pom. I know not, Menas,
How lesser enmities may give way to greater.
Were't not that we stand up against them all 44
'Twere pregnant they should square between
themselves,

For they have entertained cause enough
To draw their swords; but how the fear of us
May cement their divisions and bind up 48
The petty difference, we yet not know.

Be it as our gods will have't! It only stands
Our lives upon, to use our strongest hands.

Come, Menas. [Exeunt.]

SCENE II.—*Rome. A Room in LEPIDUS'
House.*

Enter ENOBARBUS and LEPIDUS.

Lep. Good Enobarbus, 'tis a worthy deed,
And shall become you well, to entreat your
captain

To soft and gentle speech.

Eno. I shall entreat him
To answer like himself: if Cæsar move him, 4
Let Antony look over Cæsar's head,
And speak as loud as Mars. By Jupiter,
Were I the wearer of Antonius' beard,
I would not shave't to-day.

Lep. 'Tis not a time 8
For private stomaching.

Eno. Every time
Serves for the matter that is then born in't.

Lep. But small to greater matters must give
way.

Eno. Not if the small come first.

Lep. Your speech is passion; 12
But, pray you, stir no embers up. Here comes
The noble Antony.

Enter ANTONY and VENTIDIUS.

Eno. And yonder, Cæsar.

Enter CÆSAR, MECÆNAS, and AGRIPPA.

Ant. If we compose well here, to Parthia:
Hark ye, Ventidius.

Cæs. I do not know, 16
Mecænas; ask Agrippa.

Lep. Noble friends,
That which combin'd us was most great, and
let not

A leaner action rend us. What's amiss,
May it be gently heard; when we debate 20
Our trivial difference loud, we do commit
Murder in healing wounds; then, noble part-
ners,—

The rather for I earnestly beseech,—
Touch you the sourest points with sweetest
terms, 24

Nor curseness grow to the matter.

Ant. 'Tis spoken well. Shrewdness of policy too,—I grieving grant 73
Were we before our armies, and to fight, Did you too much disquiet; for that you must
I should do thus. But say I could not help it.

Cæs. Welcome to Rome. 28
Ant. Thank you. I wrote to you
Cæs. Sit. When rioting in Alexandria; you 76
Ant. Sit, sir. Did pocket up my letters, and with taunts
Cæs. Nay, then. 32 Did gibe my missive out of audience.
Ant. I learn, you take things ill which are Sir,
not so, He fell upon me, ere admitted; then
Or being, concern you not. Three kings I had newly feasted, and did want 80
Cæs. I must be laugh'd at Of what I was i' the morning; but next day
If, or for nothing or a little, I I told him of myself, which was as much
Should say myself offended, and with you 36 As to have ask'd him pardon. Let this fellow
Chiefly i' the world; more laugh'd at that I Be nothing of our strife; if we contend, 84
should Out of our question wipe him.
Once name you derogately, when to sound your *Cæs.* You have broken
name The article of your oath, which you shall never
It not concern'd me. Have tongue to charge me with.
Ant. My being in Egypt, Cæsar, Soft, Cæsar!
What was't to you? 40 No,
Cæs. No more than my residing here at Lepidus, let him speak:
Rome The honour's sacred which he talks on now.
Might be to you in Egypt; yet, if you there Supposing that I lack'd it. But on, Cæsar;
Did practise on my state, your being in Egypt The article of my oath.
Might be my question. *Cæs.* To lend me arms and aid when I re-
Ant. How intend you, practis'd? 44 quir'd them, 92
Cæs. You may be pleas'd to catch at mine intent
By what did here befall me. Your wife and brother Neglected, rather;
Made wars upon me, and their contestation And then, when poison'd hours had bound me
Was theme for you, you were the word of war. up
Ant. You do mistake your business; my From mine own knowledge. As nearly as I may,
brother never 49 I'll play the penitent to you; but mine honesty
Did urge me in his act: I did inquire it; Shall not make poor my greatness, nor my
And have my learning from some true reports, power 97
That drew their swords with you. Did he not Work without it. Truth is, that Fulvia,
rather 52 To have me out of Egypt, made wars here;
Discredit my authority with yours, For which myself, the ignorant motive, do too
And make the wars alike against my stomach, So far ask pardon as befits mine honour
Having alike your cause? Of this my letters To stoop in such a case.
Before did satisfy you. If you'll patch a *Lep.* 'Tis noble spoken.
quarrel, 56 *Mec.* If it might please you, to enforce no
As matter whole you n' have to make it with, further
It must not be with this. The griefs between ye: to forget them quite 104
Cæs. You praise yourself Were to remember that the present need
By laying defects of judgment to me, but Speaks to atone you.
You patch'd up your excuses. *Lep.* Worthily spoken, Mecænas.
Ant. Not so, not so; 60 *Eno.* Or, if you borrow one another's love
I know you could not lack, I am certain on't, for the instant, you may, when you hear no
Very necessity of this thought, that I, more words of Pompey, return it again: you
Your partner in the cause 'gainst which he shall have time to wrangle in when you have
fought, nothing else to do. 111
Could not with graceful eyes attend those wars *Ant.* Thou art a soldier only; speak no more.
Which fronted mine own peace. As for my *Eno.* That truth should be silent I had almost
wife, 65 forgot.
I would you had her spirit in such another: *Ant.* You wrong this presence; therefore
The third o' the world is yours, which with a speak no more.
snaffle *Eno.* Go to, then; your considerate stone. 116
You may pace easy, but not such a wife. 68 *Cæs.* I do not much dislike the matter, but
Eno. Would we had all such wives, that the The manner of his speech; for it cannot be
men might go to wars with the women! We shall remain in friendship, our conditions
Ant. So much uncurbable, her garboils, So differing in their acts. Yet, if I knew 120
Cæsar, What hoop should hold us stanch, from edge to
Made out of her impatience,—which not wanted edge
Ant. Give me leave, Cæsar.
Cæs. Speak, Agrippa.

Ag. Thou hast a sister by the mother's side, *Cæs.* With most gladness; 172
Admir'd Octavia; great Mark Antony 125 And do invite you to my sister's view,
Is now a widower. Whither straight I'll lead you.
Cæs. Say not so, Agrippa: Let us, Lepidus,
If Cleopatra heard you, your reproof *Ant.* Not lack your company.
Were well deserv'd of rashness. 128
Ant. I am not married, Cæsar; let me hear *Lep.* Noble Antony,
Agrippa further speak. Not sickness should detain me. 176
Ag. To hold you in perpetual amity, [Flourish. Exeunt CÆSAR, ANTONY,
To make you brothers, and to knit your and LEPIDUS.
hearts 132
With an unslipping knot, take Antony
Octavia to his wife; whose beauty claims
No worse a husband than the best of men,
Whose virtue and whose general graces speak
That which none else can utter. By this mar-
riage, 137
All little jealousies which now seem great,
And all great fears which now import their
dangers, 140
Would then be nothing; truths would be but
tales 140
Where now half tales be truths; her love to both
Would each to other and all loves to both
Draw after her. Pardon what I have spoke,
For 'tis a studied, not a present thought, 144
By duty ruminated.
Ant. Will Cæsar speak?
Cæs. Not till he hears how Antony is touch'd
With what is spoke already.
Ant. What power is in Agrippa,
If I would say, 'Agrippa, be it so,' 148
To make this good?
Cæs. The power of Cæsar, and
His power unto Octavia.
Ant. May I never
To this good purpose, that so fairly shows,
Dream of impediment! Let me have thy hand;
Further this act of grace, and from this hour 153
The heart of brothers govern in our loves
And sway our great designs!
Cæs. There is my hand.
A sister I bequeath you, whom no brother
Did ever love so dearly; let her live 157
To join our kingdoms and our hearts, and never
Fly off our loves again!
Lep. Happily, amen!
Ant. I did not think to draw my sword 'gainst
Pompey, 160
For he hath laid strange courtesies and great
Of late upon me; I must thank him only,
Lest my remembrance suffer ill report;
At heel of that, defy him.
Lep. Time calls upon's: 164
Of us must Pompey presently be sought,
Or else he seeks out us.
Ant. Where lies he?
Cæs. About the Mount Misenum.
Ant. What's his strength
By land?
Cæs. Great and increasing; but by sea 168
He is an absolute master.
Ant. So is the fame.
Would we had spoke together! Haste we for it;
Yet, ere we put ourselves in arms, dispatch we
The business we have talk'd of.

Mec. Welcome from Egypt, sir.
Eno. Half the heart of Cæsar, worthy Me-
cænas! My honourable friend, Agrippa!
Ag. Good Enobarbus! 180
Mec. We have cause to be glad that matters
are so well digested. You stayed well by't in
Egypt.
Eno. Ay, sir; we did sleep day out of coun-
tenance, and made the night light with drinking.
Mec. Eight wild boars roasted whole at a
breakfast, and but twelve persons there; is this
true? 188
Eno. This was but as a fly by an eagle; we
had much more monstrous matter of feast,
which worthily deserved noting.
Mec. She's a most triumphant lady, if report
be square to her. 193
Eno. When she first met Mark Antony she
purs'd up his heart, upon the river of Cydnus.
Ag. There she appeared indeed, or my re-
porter devised well for her. 197
Eno. I will tell you.
The barge she sat in, like a burnish'd throne,
Burn'd on the water; the poop was beaten gold,
Purple the sails, and so perfumed, that 201
The winds were love-sick with them, the oars
were silver,
Which to the tune of flutes kept stroke, and
made
The water which they beat to follow faster, 204
As amorous of their strokes. For her own per-
son,
It beggar'd all description; she did lie
In her pavilion,—cloth-of-gold of tissue,—
O'er-picturing that Venus where we see 208
The fancy outwork nature; on each side her
Stood pretty-dimpled boys, like smiling Cupids,
With divers-colour'd fans, whose wind did seem
To glow the delicate cheeks which they did cool,
And what they undid did.
Ag. O! rare for Antony. 213
Eno. Her gentlewomen, like the Nereides,
So many mermaids, tended her i' the eyes,
And made their bends adornings; at the helm
A seeming mermaid steers; the silken tackle 217
Swell with the touches of those flower-soft
hands,
That yarely frame the office. From the barge
A strange invisible perfume hits the sense 220
Of the adjacent wharfs. The city cast
Her people out upon her, and Antony,
Enthron'd i' the market-place, did sit alone,
Whistling to the air; which, but for vacancy,
Had gone to gaze on Cleopatra too 225
And made a gap in nature.
Ag. Rare Egyptian!
Eno. Upon her landing, Antony sent to her,

Invited her to supper; she replied
It should be better he became her guest,
Which she entreated. Our courteous Antony,
Whom ne'er the word of 'No' woman heard
speak,
Being barber'd ten times o'er, goes to the feast,
And, for his ordinary pays his heart
For what his eyes eat only.

Agr. Royal wench!
She made great Cæsar lay his sword to bed;
He plough'd her, and she cropp'd.

Eno. I saw her once
Hop forty paces through the public street;
And having lost her breath, she spoke, and
panted

That she did make defect perfection,
And, breathless, power breathe forth.

Mec. Now Antony must leave her utterly.
Eno. Never; he will not:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale
Her infinite variety; other women cloy
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry
Where most she satisfies; for vilest things
Become themselves in her, that the holy priests
Bless her when she is riggish.

Mec. If beauty, wisdom, modesty, can settle
The heart of Antony, Octavia is
A blessed lottery to him.

Agr. Let us go.
Good Enobarbus, make yourself my guest
Whilst you abide here.

Eno. Humbly, sir, I thank you.
[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE III.—*The Same. A Room in CÆSAR'S
House.*

*Enter CÆSAR, ANTONY, OCTAVIA between them;
Attendants.*

Ant. The world and my great office will some-
times
Divide me from your bosom.

Oct. All which time
Before the gods my knee shall bow my prayers
To them for you.

Ant. Good night, sir. My Octavia, 4
Read not my blemishes in the world's report;
I have not kept my square, but that to come
Shall all be done by the rule. Good night, dear
lady.

Oct. Good night, sir.
Cæs. Good night.

[*Exeunt CÆSAR and OCTAVIA.*]

Enter Soothsayer.

Ant. Now, sirrah; you do wish yourself in
Egypt?

Sooth. Would I had never come from thence,
nor you
Thither!

Ant. If you can, your reason?

Sooth. I see it in
My motion, have it not in my tongue: but yet
Hie you to Egypt again.

Ant. Say to me,

228 Whose fortunes shall rise higher, Cæsar's or
mine? 16

Sooth. Cæsar's.

Therefore, O Antony! stay not by his side;
Thy demon—that's thy spirit which keeps thee,
—is

Noble, courageous, high, unmatchable, 20
Where Cæsar's is not; but near him thy angel
Becomes a fear, as being o'erpower'd; therefore
Make space enough between you.

Ant. Speak this no more.

Sooth. To none but thee; no more but when
to thee. 24

If thou dost play with him at any game
Thou art sure to lose, and, of that natural luck,
He beats thee 'gainst the odds; thy lustre thickens
When he shines by. I say again, thy spirit 28
Is all afraid to govern thee near him,
But he away, 'tis noble.

Ant. Get thee gone:

Say to Ventidius I would speak with him.
[*Exit Soothsayer.*]

He shall to Parthia. Be it art or hap 32
He hath spoken true; the very dice obey him.
And in our sports my better cunning faints
Under his chance; if we draw lots he speeds,
His cocks do win the battle still of mine 36
When it is all to nought, and his quails ever
Beat mine, in hoop'd, at odds. I will to Egypt;
And though I make this marriage for my peace,
I' the east my pleasure lies.

Enter VENTIDIUS.

O! come, Ventidius, 40
You must to Parthia; your commission's ready;
Follow me, and receive't. [*Exeunt.*]

SCENE IV.—*The Same. A Street.*

Enter LEPIDUS, MECENAS, and AGRIPPA.

Lep. Trouble yourselves no further; pray you
hasten
Your generals after.

Agr. Sir, Mark Antony
Will e'en but kiss Octavia, and we'll follow.

Lep. Till I shall see you in your soldier's
dress,
Which will become you both, farewell.

Mec. We shall,
As I conceive the journey, be at the Mount
Before you, Lepidus.

Lep. Your way is shorter;
My purposes do draw me much about: 8
You'll win two days upon me.

Mec. Sir, good success!

Agr. Farewell.

[*Exeunt.*]

SCENE V.—*Alexandria. A Room in the Palace.*

*Enter CLEOPATRA, CHARMIAN, IRAS, ALEXAS,
and Attendant.*

Cleo. Give me some music; music, moody
food

Of us that trade in love.

Attend. The music, ho!

Enter MARDIAN.

Cleo. Let it alone; let's to billiards: come,
Charmian.

Char. My arm is sore; best play with Mar-
dian. 4

Cleo. As well a woman with a eunuch play'd
As with a woman. Come, you'll play with me,
sir? 4

Mar. As well as I can, madam.

Cleo. And when good will is show'd, though't
come too short, 8

The actor may plead pardon. I'll none now.
Give me mine angle; we'll to the river: there—
My music playing far off—I will betray
Tawny-finn'd fishes; my bended hook shall
pierce 12

Their slimy jaws; and, as I draw them up,
I'll think them every one an Antony,
And say, 'Ah, ha!' you're caught.

Char. 'Twas merry when
You wager'd on your angling; when your diver
Did hang a salt-fish on his hook, which he 17
With fervency drew up.

Cleo. That time—O times!—
I laugh'd him out of patience; and that night
I laugh'd him into patience: and next morn, 20
Ere the ninth hour, I drunk him to his bed;
Then put my tires and mantles on him, whilst
I wore his sword Philippan.

Enter a Messenger.

O! from Italy;
Ram thou thy fruitful tidings in mine ears, 24
That long time have been barren.

Mess. Madam, madam,—
Cleo. Antony's dead! if thou say so, villain,
Thou kill'st thy mistress; but well and free,
If thou so yield him, there is gold, and here 28
My bluest veins to kiss; a hand that kings
Have lipp'd, and trembled kissing.

Mess. First, madam, he is well.

Cleo. Why, there's more gold.

But, sirrah, mark, we use 32
To say the dead are well: bring it to that,
The gold I give thee will I melt, and pour
Down thy ill-uttering throat.

Mess. Good madam, hear me.

Cleo. Well, go to, I will; 36
But there's no goodness in thy face; if Antony
Be free and healthful, so tart a favour
To trumpet such good tidings! if not well,
Thou shouldst come like a Fury crown'd with
snakes, 40

Not like a formal man.

Mess. Will't please you hear me?

Cleo. I have a mind to strike thee ere thou
speak'st:

Yet, if thou say Antony lives, is well,
Or friends with Cæsar, or not captive to him,
I'll set thee in a shower of gold, and hail 45
Rich pearls upon thee.

Mess. Madam, he's well.

Cleo. Well said.

Mess. And friends with Cæsar.

Cleo. Thou'rt an honest man.

Mess. Cæsar and he are greater friends than
ever. 48

Cleo. Make thee a fortune from me.

Mess. But yet, madam,—
Cleo. I do not like 'but yet,' it does allay
The good precedence; fie upon 'but yet!' 52

'But yet' is as a gaoler to bring forth
Some monstrous malefactor. Prithee, friend,
Pour out the pack of matter to mine ear,
The good and bad together. He's friends with
Cæsar;

In state of health, thou sayst; and thou sayst,
free. 56

Mess. Free, madam! no; I made no such
report:

He's bound unto Octavia.

Cleo. For what good turn?

Mess. For the best turn i' the bed.

Cleo. I am pale, Charmian!

Mess. Madam, he's married to Octavia. 60
Cleo. The most infectious pestilence upon
thee! [*Strikes him down.*]

Mess. Good madam, patience.

Cleo. What say you? Hence,
[*Strikes him again.*]

Horrible villain! or I'll spurn thine eyes
Like balls before me; I'll unhair thy head: 64
[*She hales him up and down.*]

Thou shalt be whipp'd with wire, and stew'd in
brine,
Smarting in lingering pickle.

Mess. Gracious madam,
I, that do bring the news made not the match.

Cleo. Say 'tis not so, a province I will give
thee, 68

And make thy fortunes proud; the blow thou
hadst

Shall make thy peace for moving me to rage,
And I will boot thee with what gift beside
Thy modesty can beg.

Mess. He's married, madam. 72
Cleo. Rogue! thou hast liv'd too long.

[*Draws a knife.*]

Mess. Nay, then I'll run.
What mean you, madam? I have made no
fault. [*Exit.*]

Char. Good madam, keep yourself within
yourself;

The man is innocent. 76

Cleo. Some innocents' scape not the thunder-
bolt.

Melt Egypt into Nile! and kindly creatures
Turn all to serpents! Call the slave again:
Though I am mad, I will not bite him. Call. 80

Char. He is afraid to come.

Cleo. I will not hurt him.
[*Exit CHARMIAN.*]

These hands do lack nobility, that they strike
A meaner than myself; since I myself
Have given myself the cause.

Re-enter CHARMIAN, and Messenger.

Come hither, sir. 84

Though it be honest, it is never good
To bring bad news; give to a gracious message
A host of tongues, but let ill tidings tell